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T H E
C R I S I S.
A N
O D E,
T O

JOHN WILKES, Esq;
—K

— Murus aheneus esto
Nil conscire sibi, nullâ pallefcere culpâ.
Cædimur, et totidem plagis consumimus hostem.

HOR.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. WILLIAMS, opposite Fetter-Lane, Fleet-Street.

MDCCLXIII.

[Price Six-Pence.]

C R I S T I A N



JOHN WILKES Esq.

— Manus abscisus esto
Nil confite sibi, nulla palliat culpa.
Cognatus et totidem pijs conseruitur hostem.
Hoc.

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THE
C R I S I S.
A N
O D E.

LET the keen lightning's ruddy fire,
Join with the thunder's awful sound;
In vain united, both conspire,
With dread, the guiltless heart to wound.

By vengeance wing'd across the sky,
To pierce the patriot's breast design'd,
The blunted shafts innoxious fly,
And leave no festering scar behind.

Think not thy heaven is then to blame,
Expos'd alike to faction's hate;
It adds a lustre to thy fame,
When Holles fell, to share his fate.

Let

Let angry zealots then revile,
That sting which envy whets, disdain;
'Tis not thy guilt, but Britain's smile,
Thy country's love, that gives 'em pain.

Be veil'd in shades thy nation's shame,
Nor future ages blush to see,
Their dangers growing with their Fame,
Who suffer'd, and deserv'd like thee.

Let barbarous realms the story tell,
Nor Britain's voice the truth relate;
What patriots died, what heroes fell,
By those, who left them fear'd and great.

Let the sad eye in tears be led
With spoils to temples cover'd o'er,
Where the brave victors often bled,
Who earn'd those trophies with their gore.

Fond of renown too late who knew,
In *Greece* and *Rome*, that 'twas a crime,
A fame too lofty to pursue,
Or shine in virtues too sublime.

Thou too, brave chief, our isle has taught,
(And let thy fate the truth confess)
That nought is deem'd a greater fault,
Than worth and glory in excess!

Survey

Survey an injur'd rival's woe,
 Deep in thy Tully's breast engrav'd;
 Then drop a tear, to view him go
 An exile from that Rome he sav'd.

Fate did each patriot's worthy name,
 With the same venom'd shafts pursue;
 He had his *Clodius* to defame
 His merits, and a *Sm^oll^e-t*, you!

Great in the field, in councils great,
 His laurels fresh, his life unstain'd,
Scipio first sav'd a sinking state;
 Then perish'd by that Fame he gain'd,

And has our isle no favourite name,
 For future annals to relate;
 Who, rivals of the Roman's fame,
 First shar'd his praise, and then his fate?

A victor long, insulted now,
 Ah see the wreath, which *Churchill* wore,
 Fading and withering on that brow,
 Which *Bourbon* shrunk to view before!

That sword which Gaul so often mourn'd,
 By tyrants fear'd, by Britain blest,
 Was by that isle, he rescued, turn'd
 And aim'd against her warrior's breast.

How oft the noblest blood has dy'd
 Our altars, let our annals tell,
 The purple stream, the blushing tide
 Still wept, when godlike *Ruffel* fell.

What tho' the statesman's generous breast
 Glow'd, with the fairest gifts adorn'd;
 See *Sommers* self, by pow'r oppress'd,
 And *Nassau's* royal virtues scorn'd.

Victor and vanquish'd, who can read
 Raleigh's dread fate, without a pain;
 Behold him on the scaffold bleed,
 For sinking half the fleets of *Spain*.

Turn then the bloody records o'er,
 With care, of late and distant times;
 Then weep (their stories read) that more
 Bled for their virtues, than their crimes.

If *Tully* died, if *Scipio* fell,
 If rage cou'd *Marlbro's* wreaths defame;
 Chuse the low grot, the humble cell,
 And tremble at too bright a name.

Yet here thy heav'n's Indulgence own,
 Which with a shade augments thy light;
 Those gifts in fortune's smiles unknown,
 Her clouded brow oft shews more bright.

Thus

Thus the rich gem in India found,
 Till cut, without a flame we view;
 While the same hand which gives the wound,
 Reveals its hidden lustre too!

A cheap neglected mass it lay,
 For ages in its native mines;
 The steel unfolds its sparkling ray,
 'Tis tortur'd first, and after shines.

Thou too, enrich'd by envy's pow'r,
 Dost from her sting new fame acquire;
 As the same drops that bend the flow'r,
 With greater strength its roots inspire.

Each arrow level'd at thy breast,
 Thy eye can view without a fear;
 But ah! to moan thy isle distressed,
 There bursts the sigh, thence flows the tear!

New Æra's now their flight commence,
 By ev'ry upright Briton curst;
 Freedom, fair goddess banish'd hence,
 When?—In the reign of B—te the first!

Lord Bute

Astrea reverenc'd tho' before,
 Who now convicts you ere she tries,
 Has lost the emblems once she bore,
 Her golden scales, as well as eyes.

The

The goddess takes a better way,
 To prove your guilt and fix your crime;
 Without a witness hangs to-day,
 And brings her proof another time.

Nought will your senseless plea avail,
 To guard you in this dangerous war;
 Since the loud lye, the cut-throat tale,
 Are scripture at a Scottish bar.

Virtue and truth have all the stains,
 Which falshood once and treach'ry wore;
 And innocence dreads all the pains,
 Which treason's self scarce felt before.

Yet let not this learn'd sage expel
 Thy bosom's peace, or give thee pain;
 Whose heart can triumph in a cell,
 Without a start behold a chain.

When fame disgusts, when nothing fair,
 Or great below, is worth thy view;
 Close thy last glories with a tear,
 That rage shou'd e'en to death pursue;

That Britain's freedom to maintain,
 An bid her blessings largely flow
 In fuller streams, thy worth shou'd stain,
 Or lose a friend, or gain a foe.

Must

Must then thy plume and bold cockade
Thy gallant troop no more admire ;
No longer now *a warlike blade*,
But plain JOHN WILKES, a rural 'squire.

Moving of late in graceful pride,
Surrounded by a martial band ;
No colonel's sword now guards thy side,
No waving pike adorns thy hand.

The *Scot* may rob thee of thy arms,
Impeach, imprison, fine, arrest ;
But while thy nervous rhetoric charms,
Still leaves thee shafts to gore his breast.

Till clos'd in shining mail again,
A chief in *red* no longer found ;
Oh fight our battles with thy pen,
A weapon which ne'er fails to wound.

What tho' depriv'd of thy command,
Thy vengeance yet each foe may feel ;
A quill well manag'd by thy hand,
Wounding as deep as any steel.

Let bashaws then with pow'r array'd,
While aw'd by thee with terror shrink ;
Tho' of thy sword no more afraid,
They yet may tremble at thy ink !

Thus

Thus Pallas' shield was view'd with dread
By all who fatally stood near;
Who only shew'd her Gorgon's head,
Which hiss'd and kill'd without her spear.

Thou too hast found a mystic way,
When urg'd, thy vengeance to fulfil;
No need of bullets to destroy,
Since ink, as sure as balls, can kill!

Proud Scot—thy tott'ring grandeur weep,
Nor strive to hide thy bosom's smart;
Know, English quills can cut as deep,
And sure, as any Highland dart.

Already to thy trembling breast,
Have their keen points a passage found;
By its own conscious pangs deprest,
Too faint to bear another wound.

Let this chastize thy soaring pride,
When flush'd with thy imperial pow'r;
That oceans, when at height, subside,
Swelling and sinking in an hour.

Each haughty minion has his day,
To triumph in his envy'd state;
Destin'd this moment to display
His pride—the next, to curse his fate.

Let

Let * Gaveston, let Wolsey tell,
Mourning too late their past renown,
How high they soar'd, how deep they fell,
Who liv'd the fav'rites of a crown.

Tho' Jove suspends the fatal blast,
And checks a-while his thunder's sound;
'Tis only that its shafts, at last,
Shou'd pierce and strike a deeper wound.

Yet muse! no dang'rous truths reveal;
Or dread the lash of courtly pow'r;
To touch a *Scot* is to rebel,
'Tis Treason, Newgate, or the Tow'r.

Tho' plung'd in guilt, tho' dead to shame,
Tremble our rulers to upbraid;
A king in ermin you may blame,
More safely than a laird in plaid.

At *Memphis* thus, fam'd Egypt's pride,
Where Nilus laves its winding shore;
Its priests the Godhead might deride,
The sacred calf † while they adore.

Is exile then thy destin'd lot?
Be chearful, easy, and resign'd;
The forest curse to gall a *Scot*,
Is close at home to live confin'd.

* A great wicked favourite of king Henry II. † Osiris.

To whate'er clime he does repair,
 When drove from injur'd Britain's throne;
 All other realms enjoy a share
 Of heav'n's kind gifts,—except his own.

Let senates then impeach, arraign,
 And treat him with a scornful hiss;
 To send the exile o'er the main,
 Is only to augment his bliss.

Let him not then his flight applaud,
 Which but contributes to his ease;
 Forcing the guilty wretch abroad,
 Is not to punish, but to please.

F I N I S.

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